

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We do not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed by correspondents in this column.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HONGKONG TELEGRAPH."
SIR,—Having occasion to call at one of the Government Offices a few days ago, my attention was attracted to the following notice which was rather conspicuously displayed by the side of the door:

ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.

NO SMOKING ALLOWED.

I have only been a short time in the colony but during my stay have visited a goodly number of business houses and offices, and have been much struck with seeing numbers of the business men going through their work with a cigar in their mouth either in their mouths or lying close handy, ready for use. Being used to the staid business ways of a London office I thought the custom of smoking in the offices here a peculiar one at first, but have now arrived at the conclusion that, considering the climate and different method of doing business to that which rules at home, the cigar is after all, not a great offender. The legend posted up at the door of the Government Office above alluded to, at once made me think that, however much freedom might be enjoyed in business hours by commercial men, John Bull's stiff-neckedness did not allow of any slackening down of the rigid principles of the Civil Service, no matter what the climate or commercial custom might be. However, you can imagine my surprise when I noticed three or four of the clerks in the outer office puffing away vigorously, which surprise was somewhat intensified when I got to the chief clerk's department and found that functionary literally enveloped in smoke. I made enquiry as to the meaning of the notice posted outside the office prohibiting smoking, and was told that it only applied to outsiders. Such is life. *Veni, Vidi, Vici* sum.

Yours truly,

GLOBE TROTTER.

Hongkong, July 10th, 1883.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HONGKONG TELEGRAPH."

SIR,—It used to be one of the leading articles of a sailor's creed and I trust is so still, that the Captain should be the last man to leave his ship when she is in a little danger, and British seamen will thank you for having refused to credit the yarn as to Captain Allison of the steamship *Dale*. It is really too bad of people to spread such reports, which might seriously injure a man's professional reputation. British seamen have not hitherto been in the habit of turning tail when a little danger comes along, no matter what form it assumes, and I trust the day is far distant when any such charge can be truthfully laid at their door.

They would be thankful to the public for a little support in the discharge of their onerous duties, the scope and extent of which the general public have but little idea of, and the wearing load of care and anxiety that is the lot of the modern shipmaster. There is no Victoria Cross or similar honour for them to win, though the man who stands to his guns in the face of deadly disease, to my mind, is as worthy of it as the man who storms a battery with all the excitement, pomp and circumstance of war to help him.

Captain Allison has himself told you that the thought of deserting his post never entered his head, and there are now several other steamers in Quarantine, and I venture to say none of their Commanders will dream of a proceeding which could only bring dishonour on a noble calling.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

BLUE WATER.

July 10th, 1883.

QUARANTINE REGULATIONS IN HAWAII.

The following article, which we extract from the *Hawaiian Gazette* of May 23rd, will be read with interest:

Another week has passed away, and has added force to the impression brought against the Board of Health in the last issue of this paper. The correspondence between the Board on the one hand, and the Captain and agents of the *Madras* on the other, which was published last week, proves conclusively, if any proof were needed, the incapacity and inhumanity of the Board. To a mere layman the conditions offered to the unfortunate captain appear to be simply these: You shall mortgage all the property of your own which is in your charge, all your own property present and prospective to the Board of Health. You may begin by executing a bond, for which you must find unimpeachable security, for not less than \$2000 by way of instalment. The Board shall hold *carte blanche* to erect at your expense, what buildings, temporary or permanent, they may think best, they shall burn or destroy whatever contents of your ship that it may please them to burn or destroy, they shall hire, at your expense, whatever guards they may please to employ, they shall pay, at your expense, whatever medical advisers they may please to call in, they shall purchase and distribute at your expense, whatever provisions, medicines, furniture, bedding, clothing, etc., may seem to them desirable, and you—have only to bind yourself, and any responsible parties you can procure, to this little arrangement, and then we will at once perform that which five weeks ago we pronounced to be impossible, we will let you land "to the number of about five hundred more or less," of your passengers, now that they have been confined within reach of infection for five weeks, now that there are nine cases of small-pox on board, though any such action was declined peremptorily, when the ship and those on board were initially less dangerous than they are now. Of course the captain could not so betray his trust; of course no one would go bondsmen for such a preposterous bond, and of course the negotiation failed—but perhaps this was intended.

And so the tragedy goes on day after day, week after week, this unfortunate ship, with her British flag, captain and crew, restlessly rolling in the swell, crowded with a seething mass of humanity, and a deadly contagious disease amongst them, and all because this Board of Incapacities announced themselves incapable of isolating the passengers, who had the misfortune to travel with two cases of small-pox.

Why it is that there are not now, two hundred, five hundred, seven hundred cases on board, more than this Board can explain, if there are not—no thanks to the Board. It may well be said, if for the Government organs inform us that there are only Chinese physicians on board and that these are *not* consulting cases. So there may be only Chinese on board, and well, they are only Chinese, and the captain and crew, just chance it. And so, day after day, for another week, to the question "what about the *Madras*?" comes the answer "nothing new," except that one day last week a poor fevered wretch in his desperation to escape from this inferno risked and lost his life.

Were John Howard now alive, he might add to his experiences: When John Howard, a hundred years ago, sailed from Smyrna to Venice with a plague-stricken crew, and they on arrival *put all the crew to sea*, and the ship was never seen again, he might add, "Well, lower circle to *Bill Ingham*!"

JAPAN.

The Naval Department contemplates compiling a Japanese maritime history.

Two cases of cholera are reported from Ashigahara, Kanagawa Ken. H.I.M.'s ships *Setti* and *Hiei* will proceed to Amami to watch the state of affairs there, as soon as the order emanates from the Government.

A thousand Murata rifles manufactured at Koishikawa Arsenal, have been distributed among the sappers of the various garrisons in the Empire.

An epidemic of a virulent type is reported to be prevalent in the districts of Kambara and Kamo in the province of Yechigo. Females particularly are attacked by it, and it is proving fatal in most cases.

We learn that His Excellency Iwakura's illness has assumed a dangerous character, and that Dr. Radtke has gone to Kyoto to attend him by special command of His Majesty the Emperor.

Patients suffering from mental derangement have, it is reported, considerably increased in Osaka. This is ascribed to the stagnation of trade, which has led to heavy losses by the mercantile class.

The Chinese Government appears to appreciate the superiority of the Murata rifle. In addition to those already ordered, it has sent another order for a large quantity together with cartridges. In consequence, the men have to work from 5.30 a.m. till 6.30 p.m., instead of from 7 a.m. till 6 p.m. as heretofore.

The Maharajah of Johore started for Nikko this morning, June 28th. In Tokyo His Highness was the guest of the Japanese Government, who had prepared for his reception the residence at Mita originally built by Admiral Kawamura and now the property of Mr. Hachisuka, Representative of Japan in Paris. The Maharajah was received in audience by His Majesty the Mikado on Tuesday, and afterwards visited the Imperial Princes. He has shown himself a genial and appreciative traveller, not less curious about Japan's old fashions and customs than impressed by the evidences of her new civilization.

The Tokyo Tramway Company has at last had the wisdom to reduce its passenger fares to two *sen* per section of its line. This will be a death-blow to the hack carriages, which still struggle against the powerful competition of the cars. If the citizens of Tokyo gave themselves any concern about such trifles as cruelty to animals, these carriages would long ago have ceased to find fares. But the Japanese are a singularly phlegmatic people. We can understand their indifference to the tortures of dumb animals when we observe how quietly they submit to have their streets rendered well nigh impassable by tram-roads so villainously constructed that they constitute a perpetual menace to life and limb.

The American Squadron in these waters will be shortly reinforced by the arrival of the *Junata* and the *Enterprise*, and the *Trenton* is being overhauled in order that she may be sent to the relief of the present flagship, the *Ridgmont*. The *Junata*, a screw-vessel of the 3rd rate, 825 tons, 8 guns, and 1,900 tons displacement, left New York in December for this station via the Suez Canal. The *Enterprise* is a smaller vessel, 625 tons, 6 guns, and 1,375 tons displacement. She has been detached from the South Pacific Squadron and will come out by way of the Cape.

The following is the official list of officers:—*Junata*: Commander Purcell F. Harrington (replacing Commander Geo. Dewey, invalided home from Gibraltar); Lieutenants—Samuel Bidew, E. H. C. Lente, Richard Rush, Richard Mitchell, and C. H. Lyman. Ensign—Ridgely Hunt. Midshipmen—P. W. Hourigan, H. C. Poundstone, Stokely Morgan, F. J. Haeseler, J. H. Rohrbacher, A. N. Mayer, T. Worthington, H. B. Ashmore, F. A. Hunton, E. W. Nash, and J. S. Brown. Cadet Midshipmen—J. C. McWhorter and N. M. Hubbard. Surgeon—G. W. Woods. Assistant Surgeon—J. Baker. Paymaster—Goodwin Hobbs. Chief Engineer—R. A. Reed. Passed Assistant Engineer—A. M. Maticc. Assistant Engineer—G. R. Salisbury. Cadet Engineers—W. H. Chambers and J. C. Leonard. First Lieutenant of Marines—H. H. Coston. *Enterprise*: Commander Albert S. Barker. Lieut. Commander George M. Book. Lieutenants—George A. Norris and Hugo Asterhaus. Master—M. A. Shufeldt. Ensigns—H. M. Hodges, W. G. Hanum, J. L. T. Halpin, and Edward Lloyd. Junior Midshipman—W. J. Sears. R. F. Lopez. R. A. Elter, William C. F. Muir, and J. L. Clark. Cadet Midshipmen—F. A. McNutt. Surgeon—Honorio N. Beaumont. Assistant Paymaster—Jas. A. Ring. Chief Engineer—J. C. McEwan. Passed Assistant Engineer—C. J. Haghighat. Assistant Engineers—George W. McElroy and J. H. Baker. Cadet Engineer—Albert Moritz. Second Lieutenant of Marines—T. G. Flette. *Japan Mail*.

TIENTSIN.

[FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.]

July 1st.
At 4.10 a.m. on the 28th June, the *Poochi* cast off from the Old Ningpo Wharf at Hongkong, and proceeded on her voyage via Chefoo to Tientsin. At 9.47 a.m. she passed Shaw-ai-Shan, with a heavy S.E. sea and a strong wind from the East; the vessel as steady as any could be with a heavy sea on the beam, which certainly is a great recommendation to passengers who suffer from attacks of sea sickness. On the 30th, at 5.30 a.m., anchored at Chefoo, and left at 8.20 a.m. for Tientsin. At Kung Kung Tao sighted a French man-of-war at anchor. At Chefoo, nine British and two German men-of-war, two Chinese Foochow-built gunboats, and the revenue cruiser *Ing Fing*.

On the 1st July, 3.20 a.m., anchored at Taku Bay at 9.15 a.m., started for the *Zach* (Liaoning) 8.30 a.m. with about 1,000 tons of cargo in her; there was 8 feet of water in the Bay, and the Bar at 8.20; reached Deep Water Bay at 8.40, with eleven junks at mid-channel in a stretch of half-a-mile to the sunken junk, which necessitated the steamer going within 14 feet of the West Bank of the channel. Had it been any other steamer, and commanded by another captain not so well acquainted with the channel as Captain Boswell is, some of those junks might have met with the same accident as that sunken junk had with the *Haikung*. It was almost a miracle to pass those junks. A great deal may be put to the S.E. wind; had it been N.E., a collision would have been unavoidable. What is the Taku Harbour Master about, that he neglects such an important matter? Perhaps the Taku Dock, with a Chinese gunboat in it, requires his principal attention; certainly, it is hard for one man to serve two masters, or to discharge two duties at once. At 10.10 a.m. passed the Customs house at Taku; the usual Ting-chang being put on board to look after merchandise and attend to the junks being where they should be. This latter duty he discharges by singing out to them; to which the junk people pay no the slightest attention, and leave to chance the steamer getting by the best way it can.

The *Poochi* certainly deserves a better reputation than she has in Shanghai. She steams with ease 10 knots, instead of 8 knots as reported. She is a most comfortable sea-going vessel, has good accommodation, and whoever has travelled with Captain Boswell knows how comfortable he can make a passenger. There is no doubt that a better adapted steamer could not have been had for the Tientsin trade. Draft 8 feet 6 in; twin screw, carrying over a thousand tons of cargo, and good accommodation for foreign and Chinese passengers. At Taku lay the *Pai Yang* squadron, namely, six alphabetical gunboats; H.E. Li Hung-chang's dispatch boat, flying at the main flag of the vice-admiral, who must have lately returned from Chefoo. I suppose he will come back with Li Hung-chang, who is to return to his post in a few days.

At 2.30 p.m., *Poochi* arrived at Tzechulin, and then ended a pleasant voyage from Shanghai to Tientsin.

It is said that the Imperial Government has abandoned the idea of protecting Annam and Tongking against France. To this is attributed Li Hung-chang's return per *Haikung*. The Government are indignant, however, about Korea's attitude towards China of late; granting to foreigners what she is inclined to withhold from China, so that the Chinese trade with Korea is as far back as it was a year ago.

July 2nd, 1883.

Li Hung-chang returns immediately, and will go to Peking. Li and Tso have reported each other, and Pang Yu-lien both.

Pang Yu-lien is appointed Governor of Honan. If so, this proves that Peking at least does not mean to make war upon France.

Wang Wen-shao goes by Grand Canal from here to Chingkung with his mother. His family and children go by steamer. He has received furlough to see his mother home. Tong King-sing has been recalled, and is by this time in Singapore.

Mr. Ken-tung's brother, who was charged d'affaires in Korea, has returned home. From well-informed Chinese I hear that his services are no longer required.

The *Haikung* and *Eldorado* brought up the mining and railroad gear for the Seventh Prince. They are for the Arsenal and Chaitan copolines, which are to be worked in spite of Chang Pei-lun's memorial. The *Leeyuen* took it, it is said, to Shan Hai Kwan from here six batteries of field guns, four large Krupp guns, and 180 cases of ammunition for them, by the first trip from here. *Mercury*.

SARAH BURKE AND HER CHINESE PARAMOUR.

Writing on a subject which has caused considerable excitement in San Francisco the *Bulletin* makes the following remarks:—

It will probably turn out to be a fact that the secret of Sarah Burke's infatuation for Wong Suet Wong was that she had learned to smoke opium, one of the worst vices introduced by Chinese into this city, has been the opium debauch. It is the most seductive of all vices. From the moment of the first whiff of opium the victim is infatuated. Life is a sort of false dream. Nothing is real. The victim floats along, or is lifted from the ground, on an atmosphere which intoxicates—the senses. Whoever smokes opium is partially insane. There is an abnormal condition. The victim is carried away from the firm ground on which he has been trading, and is lifted off his feet. Sarah Burke loves an ill-favored Chinaman. Does any one suppose that a decent girl, in a normal condition, could be seduced by an ill-favored Chinese into this city, has been the opium debauch. It is the most seductive of all vices. From the moment of the first whiff of opium the victim is infatuated. 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